



The
Trail
of
the
Lonesome
Pine



* GREETING *

GREETING from Puck's new management to Puck's old friends! Like greeting to the new friends of Puck! To appear in such dress as shall merit their friendship is Puck's resolution for the new year; a resolution which shall be as firm in July as in January. The new management plans many changes, but all for Puck's betterment. The character of the publication will remain the same. Puck will still be Puck. The Keppler cartoons will continue to appear as an exclusive feature. But in text, illustration, and general excellence the new management promises a policy of progressive improvement, holding fast to that which is good and planning a future Puck which shall excel the best of the past. To keep the old friends; to make and to hold new ones; to weld the old and the new together into a bigger Puck family, with a jolly family reunion every Wednesday—that is our purpose. May we count on YOU?



An Open Letter to Puck's Friends:

PUCK, the oldest humorous weekly newspaper in America, is published to-day under new management. Puck has been in the past a good humorous newspaper. We shall try to make it in the future more humorous and more newsy.

Puck will in time be radically changed from what it is at present. The change will be sudden in some respects, gradual in others. For a beginning, Puck's friends will notice next week an improvement in paper and make-up beyond anything that has been attempted in the past. The improvement in contents will possibly not be as immediate. But in time it will be not only as great, but far greater.

Our aim will be to make Puck a clever periodical for cultured people—not merely to raise a laugh, but to stir the thoughts and hearts of men and women, and keep them in living touch with the great issues and topics of the day. With this aim before us, we will avoid mistaking nonsense for humor, and vulgarity for cleverness. Puck will be a paper, not of pompousness, but of conciseness; not of cynicism, but of hope and good cheer.

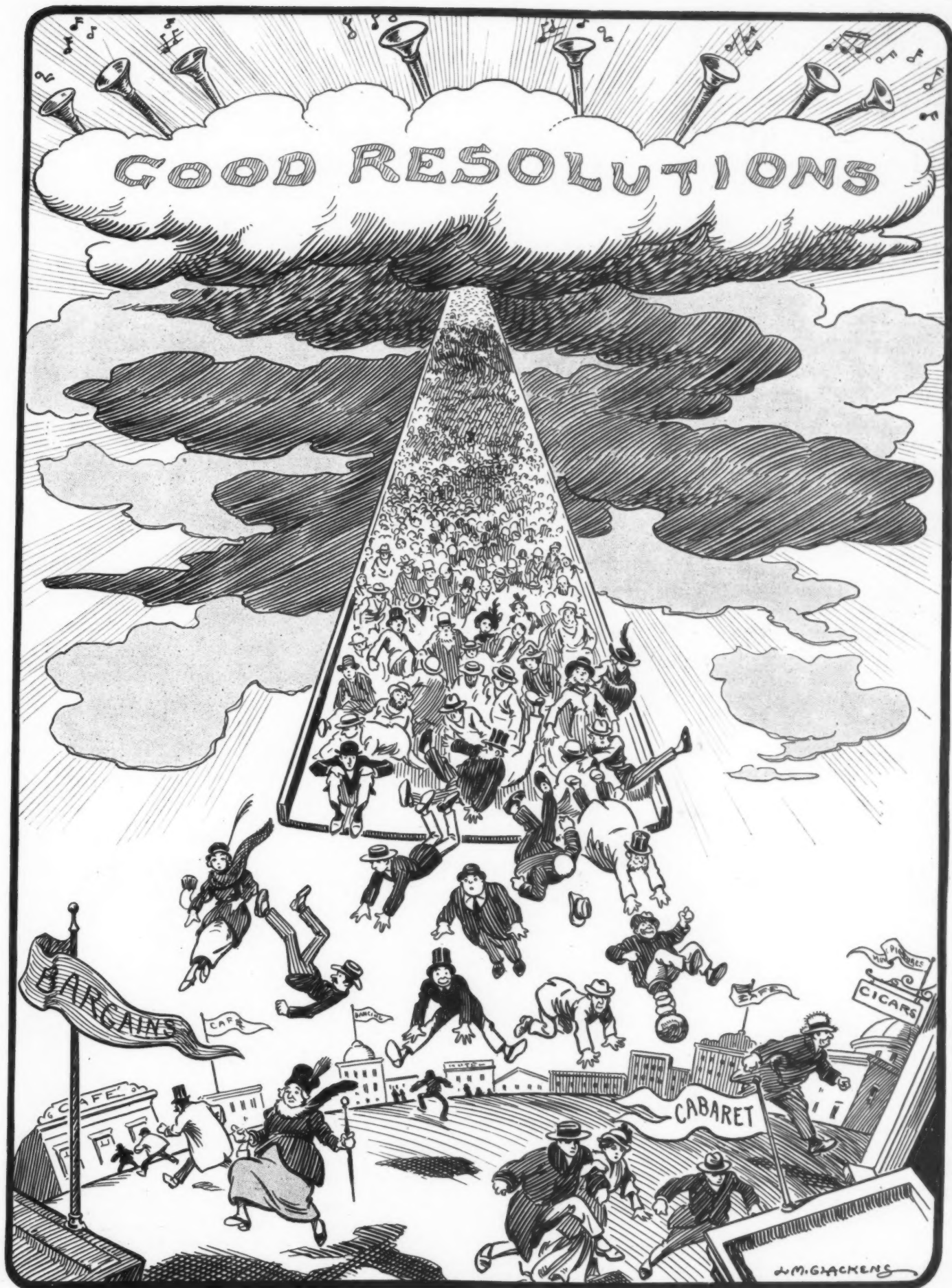
The news and problems of the day will be reflected by the best artists and writers of the entire world. Arrangements are being made for this at present. Not only are the best brains of America being enlisted, but Puck is reaching out to France, Germany, Austria, and England for men who excel in their several lines to lend the power of their pencils and pens to make Puck supreme. Puck does not intend, however, to make boasts, but to make good.

Puck will contain very few advertisements. When Puck is established on its new basis, as we hope to have it by next spring, rules for investigation of advertisers will be so strict that admission to its columns will constitute a certificate of reliability. Not only this, but Puck's advertising rates will be kept high for the express purpose of keeping the volume of advertising low. There will be no wading through quantities of chaff to get at the grist in Puck. Every line will be entertaining and worth while—whether in the news columns, the literary columns, the art columns, or the advertising columns. Puck will be an exclusive paper—all but the best in every field will be rigorously excluded.

A readable, truthful, witty résumé of the news of the world, and a sane, just, hopeful view of the problems of the day—that will be the new Puck. To promote a spirit of good cheer wherever it goes, to promulgate truth, and to foster justice—to be *the* magazine for people of cultured tastes and high ideals—these are the aims to which the new Puck is dedicated.

Do not expect too much of us at first—we must progress slowly, and be careful to maintain all that is best in the old Puck. May we hope for your support in the future as we have had it in the past?

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION.



BACKSLIDING TO EARTH.



TWO VIEWS OF VENUS.

All Off from the Waist Up, and Nearly All Off from the Waist Down.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

SHOE CLERK.—What size rubbers do you wear?

UNCLE JOSH.—I dunno. I guess when you buy rubbers you have to take your choice between ones you can hardly get on at all and ones that'll slip off as soon as you begin to wear 'em.

NOT ENOUGH.

KIND LADY (to applicant).—I am sure you would learn to love my children.

NURSE.—What wages do you pay?

KIND LADY.—Fourteen dollars a month.

NURSE.—I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be affectionate with them at that price.

DELIGHTFUL.

MRS. BEECROFT.—Your little boy seems perfectly delighted with the printing-press Santa Claus brought him.

MRS. CHATTERTON (resignedly).—Yes, he has discovered he can get dirtier playing with it than with any present he ever had.

"TOO OLD."

EIGHTEEN TO-DAY! Why, it seems to me But a little while ago When I held her, a tot, upon my knee.

Ah! how the youngsters grow! And where am I if she's eighteen? For she was a child of eight When twenty summers I had seen, And laughingly said I'd wait

Till she should be old enough to wed.

"You'll be much too old for me By that time, sir," she wisely said.

But to-day I bend the knee Before this sweet and radiant thing, And implore her to be mine— She shows me Cræsus' engagement-ring, And Cræsus is sixty-nine!

NO THEMES.

I FOUND a tribe in Africa," said the explorer, "that had absolutely no idea of morality or immorality."

"That's interesting," said the mild lunatic, "but what did they do for plays?"

AN AWFUL THOUGHT.

FIRST ANCIENT MAIDEN.—I have often thought that suppose when a dentist gives you gas he should kiss you. Would n't it be horrible?

SECOND ANCIENT MAIDEN.—Horrible is no name for it! Why, you would n't know anything about it!

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

OFFICER O'HOGGARTY.—Look at the luck of Mulrooney! Shure, he's been transferred to th' mounted squad.

FRIEND.—Phwat advantage is that?

OFFICER O'HOGGARTY.—Advantage, is ut? Whin there's throuble, see how much quicker he can git out av th' way than a poor divil on fut!

NO MATTER how little we love our neighbor we can see no reason why he should not have kindly feelings to usward.

The sudden end of a severe run of hard luck will do more to make a man an optimist than several years of uninterrupted luxury.

PUCK

IN SELF-DEFENSE.

"**Q**UITE a little excitement for a few minutes yesterday," remarked the grocer in the far-western town. "The Muckerses came to town in one direction, and the Tucker boys from another. There'd jist been a row between the two families, and everybody in town knew that when they came together there'd be some purty lively shootin'. Well, sir, in less than fifteen seconds after the first gun was pulled every man on both sides was on the ground with not less than two bullet holes in his frame. An' there was thirty of 'em in all."

"Why, that was remarkable," exclaimed the tourist. "They must have been magnificent marksmen."

"Oh! The innocent bystanders did all the shootin', mister. We don't take any risks here no more."

A CONFESSION.

JOHNNY.—Are you very sick, mamma?

MAMMA.—Yes, Johnny. I think I'll have to go to the doctor's.

JOHNNY.—Don't go to our doctor, mamma.

MAMMA.—Why not, Johnny?

JOHNNY.—He does n't know anything.

MAMMA.—Nonsense! What makes you think so?

JOHNNY.—I know so!

MAMMA.—How do you know?

JOHNNY.—Well, I know. Don't go to him.

MAMMA.—I certainly shall unless you give me a better reason than that.

JOHNNY.—Please don't, mamma!

MAMMA.—Indeed, I shall!

JOHNNY.—Well, I know you'll be angry, mamma, but last winter, when the doctor told

THE SIMPLE TRUTH.

HOW DOTH the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!
He wastes it gathering sweets which he
Will never help devour.

For, ere the shining hours are fled,
He leaves his honey stored,
The foolish busy bee is dead,
And vandals raid his hoard.

Now (from the standpoint of the bee),
He wasted toil and strife,
By misdirected industry
He missed the sweets of life.

Of course men praise the busy bee,
If they did n't 't would be funny;
For, when he's stored it, don't you see,
They get the b. b.'s honey.



ORGANIZED LABOR.

STORK.—Hey! Got a working card?

EAGLE.—What? Who are you?

STORK.—Flying delegate of the Kid Carriers' Union.

you to keep me home from school for a week, there wasn't anything the matter with me. I know you'll be angry—

But her reproaches were very mild.

A WORD to the wise is generally sufficient to get the adviser into a peck of trouble.

HIS WELL-LAID PLAN.

"**L**OOK at this, my dear," said Mr. Newrich to his wife, displaying a fine case of jewels.

"Oh! You have bought them for me, haven't you?" she exclaimed. "How sweet of you!"

"No, my love. I have bought them for my grandmother."

"Your grandmother?"

"Yes, dear."

"But she is a bed-ridden nonogenarian, and lives away off somewhere in Ireland. She can't appreciate them."

"True, dear! And she need never know anything about them."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"Simply this, dear: It is always advisable to have some heirlooms in a family that makes any social pretensions. These jewels now belong to my grandmother. When our daughter Ethel comes out, in a year or two, she shall have them; and when it is understood that they were once the gems of her great-grandmother just see the antiquity which our family will develop, and all on account of my having a great head."

And Mr. Newrich threw mental bouquets at himself with supreme lavishness.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHED.

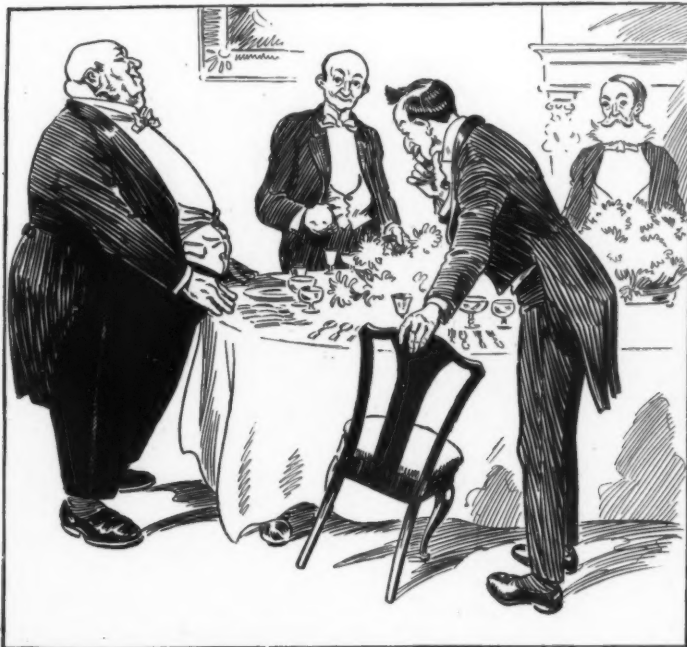
THE PRIMA DONNA (after the first act).

—I won't go on again unless that box-party makes less noise! I nearly had hysterics!

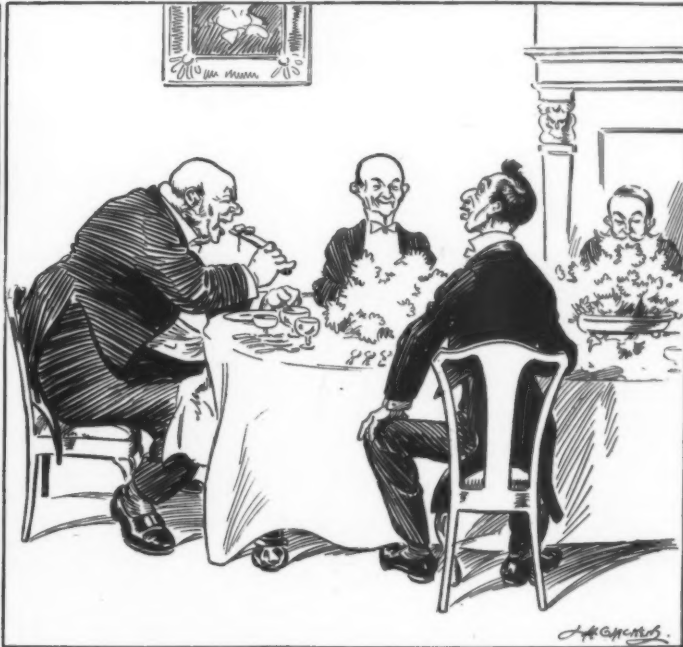
THE MANAGER (in surprise).—I did n't hear any noise.

THE PRIMA DONNA.—You did n't? Why, they encored that upstart of a contralto four times!

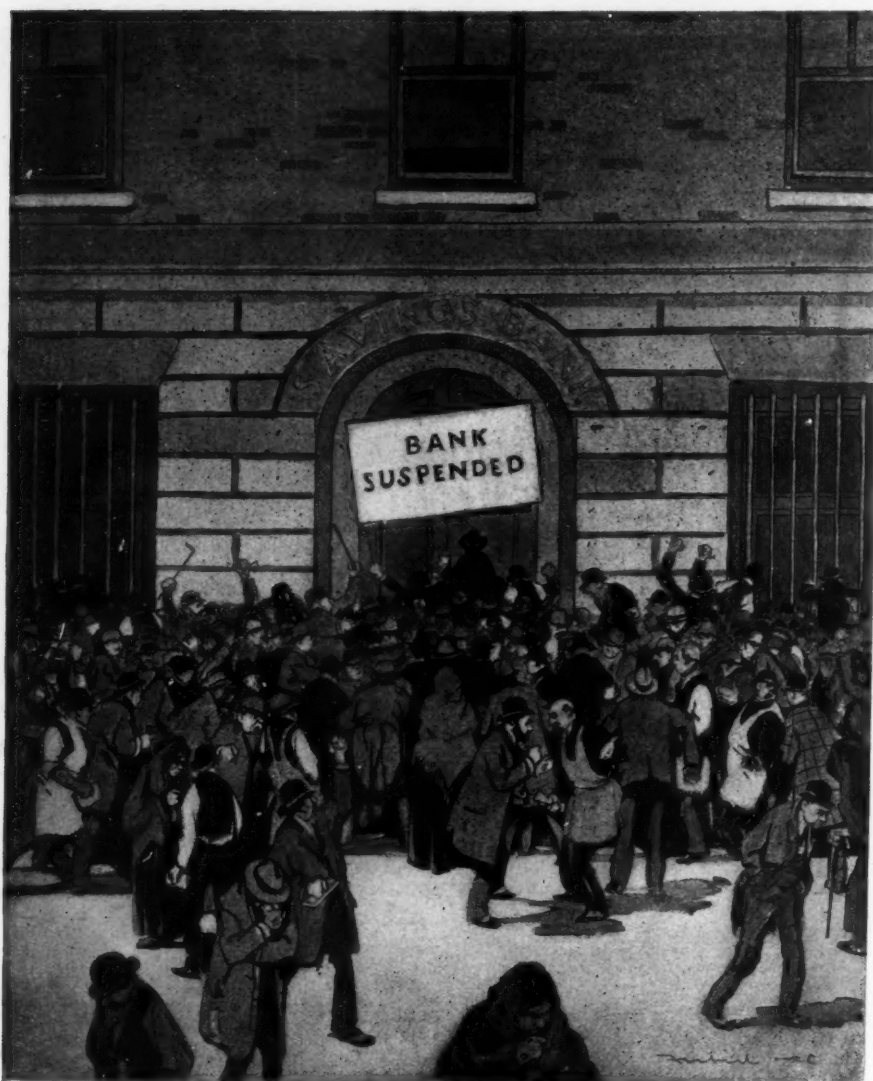
WHEN IN ROME DO AS THE ROMANS DO.



NERVOUS GENTLEMAN.—Gracious heavens! I'll never know which of these knives or spoons to use! I'll have to watch my host and do as he does.



But his host, being a self-made man, used his knife exclusively from soup to nuts.



"FROM THEM THAT HATH NOT."



AFTER THE OPERA.

THE Opera is over at last,
In the crowd you are coming past.
Papa is adjusting your wrap
On slim shoulders gleaming so whitely.
Oh, privilege treated so lightly,
Insensible, portly old chap!

On hearing my suit, the benighted
Old Nabob was hardly delighted;
Has since failed to ask me to dine.
Your dutiful silence unbroken,
Your eyes, as you passed me, have spoken;
Sweetheart, I know you are mine!

My mate, fairest, truest, and best,
I know you will fly to my nest,—
A seven-room flat, full of love.
We shall come here when you are a Mrs.,
To hear them all sing of our blisses
From two-dollar seats up above.

HE TOOK THE HINT.

JAKE (*timidly*).—I wish I knewed what you'd
do if I should steal a kiss, Miss Linda?
MISS LINDA (*coolly*).—"T wouldn't take no
great while t' find out, Jake.

THE SENTIMENTAL SONG.

FROM time immemorial the writer of senti-
mental songs has been wont to ignore such
trifling items as the cardinal points of the com-
pass, meridians of longitude, or parallels of
latitude, and to embody all his ideas of location
in the highly significant words "far away."
Sometimes he varies the monotony by saying
"far, far away."

In an age of progress and precision this in-
definite way of locating things is becoming tire-
some, not to say offensive.

At first blush it might seem that "away" is
so popular on account of its handiness in riming
with such words as "May," "gay," "ray,"
"pay," "jay," "débris," "tête-à-tête," but when
we recollect that the average song-smith rimes
"far away" with "ice-wagon" or "grand-
mother" fully as often as he does with any of
the above-named words, this theory becomes
untenable. It is painfully evident that this con-
tinual use of "far away" is solely the result of
habit, and in the interests of reason and con-
sistency it is high time that a halt be called.

That plaintive melody of a bygone gen-
eration, "Suwanee River," is a conspicuous ex-
ample of the silliness of the thing.

Now the "Suwanee River" is a taking tune
at a husking-bee in Sheboygan, Me., but people

who actually live near it wish it were "far, far
away," as it is merely a malarial creek and of no
use to anyone, except fledgling Congressmen,
who accumulate much experience in trying to
get appropriations through for the opening up
of navigation.

There is another ditty before the public with
some such refrain as "'Mid the Green Bogs of
Virginia (pronounced Fur-chin-ya) Far Away."
This may be all very well for the composer on
the fourth-floor-back of a Hoboken boarding-
house, but that song is sung very extensively
by Sunday-school excursionists on the lower
Potomac, where the green bogs of Virginia are
not too "far away" for the boat to run aground
on them quite frequently. Imagine the emotions
of the captain as the craft sticks hard and fast in
the mud and prepares to spend the evening, and
two thousand all-unconscious voices burst forth
with "'Mid the Green Bogs of Virginia Far
Away"!

There are two ways out of the difficulty.
One is to let the geographical location of all
places referred to in sentimental songs be precise
and exact. For example: "My Old Home
in Chuckquahog, Four Miles Due North of
Swampoodle, Conn."

Or, if the song writer will cling to his ever-
lasting "far away," let things be so arranged
that on no part of this planet would the words
become incongruous. For instance: "The Dear
Old Mule I Used to Drive on the Canals in
Mars So Far Away;" or, "As We Gamboled,
Far Away, 'Mid the Mountains of the Moon."

It is safe to say that some years will elapse
before these titles will need to be revised.

A DECISIVE BATTLE.

THE GOVERNESS.—Why did the Normans
and Saxons fight at Hastings?

LITTLE MISS UPTODATE.—To decide whose
descendants should marry American heiresses.

A GENIUS is that man who, when he says a
good thing, can make his hearers believe
that it was intentional and spontaneous.



AN IMPORTANT POINT.

FIRST LIFE-INSURANCE AGENT.—I think we should
hold a national convention. There's one question I
should like to see thoroughly discussed.

SECOND LIFE-INSURANCE AGENT.—What is that?

F. L. I. A.—At what point, in dealing with 'an
obstreperous customer, should moral suasion be
abandoned and force begin?

Better walk and catch the next train than drop dead of heart-disease trying
to overtake the one that has just started.

Published by
PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION.
 NATHAN STRAUS, Jr., Pres. H. GRANT STRAUS, Sec'y and Treas.
 995-999 Lafayette Street, New York.
 A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.



Puck

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

No. 1924. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1914.

\$5.00 per year.
 \$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
 Payable in advance.

TWENTY-FOUR thousand Chinese criminals were put to death in one province during 1913. Among China's civic problems, that of "the law's delay" is conspicuously absent.

THE man who stole the Mona Lisa is not, it is said, to be tried. We should hope not. He should be made official press-agent of the Louvre.

DR. ELIOT, president *emeritus* of Harvard, does n't believe in the Garden of Eden; does n't believe that a serpent disrupted the domestic happiness of ADAM and EVE; does n't believe that JOSHUA made the sun stand still; and is decidedly from Missouri on the subject of JONAH and the whale. The doctor's neighbors in Boston will not be shocked at this. So long as he does not question the divine origin of Beacon Street, Commonwealth Avenue, and the Boston Common there will be no charge of heresy.

Orville Wright announces that a fool-proof aeroplane will be perfected by spring. It will not appeal to those who "rock the boat."

PROFESSOR CAMERON, of Harvard, makes a bid for fame with this one: "Man is sweetest when he is angry." Cut out the professor's words and present them to your wife. In return, she may remind you of SHAKSPERE's pointed lines:

"Men are April when they woo,
 December when they wed."

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, who knows about such things, says that Chinese is the ideal language. The Chinese do not spell, he explains; they use symbols which convey ideas. Which convey ideas! Oh, if a whole lot of American writers could only be persuaded to use symbols!

IN the aviation news is the fact that Miss TREHAWKE DAVIES of Great Britain is the first woman to loop-the-loop in an aeroplane. What a precious legacy to hand down to one's grandchildren! "Your grandma, my dears, was the first lady to turn somersaults in the air."

Rome, that imperial city, is said to be tango mad. In other words, when in Rome, do as the New Yorkers, Londoners, and Parisians do.

FORMER critics of President WILSON and the Administration are now grudgingly admitting that, despite tariff reform and the new Currency Bill, everything will turn out all right "if the 1914 crops are good." How is this? Good crops under a Democratic Administration? We have always been led to believe that the crops and the rain and the sunshine were part of the Republican machine.

SUGGESTION to those who make melodramas, or even picture-plays: A thriller in which the hero lies sick with a dreadful ailment, and the thrice-despicable villain steals the radium which is to cure him.

Paris physicians are announcing that the tango causes wrinkles. Yes; but not necessarily in the face.

NOW they are talking about "movie maniacs." A young man kills a friend "like they did in the movies." How puny and ineffectual seems the old dime novel, which could do no better than to send boys out West "to shoot Indians."

WHETHER or not he reached the North Pole, Doctor COOK knows what the polar atmosphere is like. The arctic winter is a balmy thing compared with the icy blasts of the English vaudeville circuit.



WHICH HAND?

THE BOY GUESSED RIGHT THE VERY FIRST TIME.

PUCK pays highest cash prices for contributions.
 Only those of unusual excellence considered.



THE ROCK PRESS

On the Way to the Promised Land.

"And thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink."

—EXODUS XVII, 6.

PUCK





'TIS just the same to outward view
 As other spheroids be;
 What'er their substance or their hue,
 The difference I never knew
 Till I had toyed with thee.
 Then I a macrocosm found
 Within thy microcosmic round.

What boots the fortune Fate may fling—
A palace or a hut —
If, with a well-considered swing,
To book, thou globule, thee I bring,
And make a twelve-foot putt,
Which subsequently I relate
Was twenty-seven feet, or eight.

"Have you any turkey hash?" "No."
 "Chicken hash?" "No."
 "Corn-beef hash?" "No."
 "Roast-beef hash?" "No."
 "No hash at all?"
 "Oh, yes! We got plenty of hash, but it ain't thoroughbred!"

THE UNATTAINABLE.

Because we cannot claim as ours
Our choice of Pleasure's fruits and flowers,
And sit at ease in Leisure's bowers
(Where we'd, indeed, be bored!)
We curse outrageous Fortune's slings
And arrows in vain vaporings
That we must do without the things
That we cannot afford.

Ah! Ruthless Fate that wills our ways
 Spurred on by Hope through dreary days
 A flying beacon toward.
 What pity Age no knowledge brings
 That we're best off without the things
 That we cannot afford!

Wood Levette Wilson.

This collage features eight distinct caricatures. The top row includes 'Tom Lewis' (a large man in a tuxedo), 'The Inimitable Billy' (a man in a dark suit and top hat), and 'David Bonnell' (a man in a tuxedo and top hat). The center is dominated by a large, detailed caricature of a woman in an ornate, patterned dress and a tall, dark hat. The bottom row contains 'Smitty Edwards' (a man's face in a top hat), three women in similar dresses and hats, and a woman in a dress and hat next to a profile of a man.

SKETCHES FROM HIGH JINKS AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



IN HIS LABORATORY.

PORTRAIT OF A SCIENTIST INVENTING A NEW COCKTAIL.

A PLEA FOR HIBERNATION.



FERO' Mis' Winteh's col' bref sweep,
Befo' she bring de blizzahd,
She put det green bullfrog ter sleep
En seals up Misteh Lizzahd.
So det am why I allus knew
It nebbah wah intended
Det man shud wuk when snow win's blew
En icicles suspended.

*So, be-be! Ab'll sit by de chimley arch
Till de frogs wake up some time nex' March!*

Matilda's tub-steam fill de room
Until de aih am hazy;
She sweep en brush me wid de broom
En say det Ah am lazy.
But Ah dess light my pipe en puff
En tell her 'bout de lizahd,
Det always hab got sense enuf
Ter keep still in a blizzahd.

*So, be-be! Ab'll sit by de chimley arch
Till de frogs wake up some time nex' March!*

WASTED EFFORTS.

ONCE upon a Time, there was a certain Man who had an ambition to become a Linguist of Note. To that End, he burned copious quantities of that expensive lubricant commonly known as Midnight Oil, the while he dug his weary way through Ponderous Tomes till he had nearly ruined his eyesight and a considerable percentage of his Hair had dropped out, with the Ultimate Result that he was able to inquire "Is it not that you have my dinner-time seen yet?" in Nine different languages, and so very intelligently that almost any Mind Reader could figure out what he was trying to get at. Then, having achieved his Ambition, he straightway whirled in and married a Woman who never on any account would let him get in a Word edge-ways if she noticed it.

MORAL.—From this we should learn that there is indeed such a Thing as paying a great deal more than the Market Price for your Whistle.

THE things that go without saying must have escaped feminine attention.

ANY man can paddle his own canoe when his father buys it for him and then hires a guide to teach him how to paddle.



PRECAUTION.

STOUT PATIENT.—Loc, if you *must* give me gas, anchor me down, will you?

Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but it is the washing, not the wearing, which tears a shirt to tatters.

PUCK

TO A GOLF BALL.

THOU'RT just the same to outward view
As other spheroids be;
Whate'er their substance or their hue,
The difference I never knew
Till I had toyed with thee.
Then I a macrocosm found
Within thy microcosmic round.

The ups and downs of Alphic height,
Beloved of the bards,
You typify: I schaff, you blight;
But curve in parabolic flight
Thro' several hundred yards;
I unctuously carol, "Fore!"
And tread the turf a conqueror,

What boots the fortune Fate may fling—
A palace or a hut—
If, with a well-considered swing,
To book, thou globule, thee I bring,
And make a twelve-foot putt,
Which subsequently I relate
Was twenty-seven feet, or eight.

Thou battered gutta-percha sphere,
Tho' oft I smote thee sore,
Each honorable scar you bear,
Each mark and mar but serves, I swear,
T' endear thee to me more.
And now thou'rt acting, in addition,
As versifying ammunition.

M. W. Pool.



CROSS-BRED.

"Have you any turkey hash?" "No."
"Chicken hash?" "No."
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"No hash at all?"
"Oh, yes! We got plenty of hash, but it ain't thoroughbred!"

REMEMBER that the successful man in a poker game is the one who carries things with a high hand.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

WHEN Fortune deals with niggard hand
The dole, which we must understand
Is our share, as the world is planned,
Of Life's abundant hoard,

'T is hard to still our murmurings
That tell the pain of Envy's stings,
Because we cannot have the things
That we cannot afford.

Because we cannot claim as ours
Our choice of Pleasure's fruits and flowers,
And sit at ease in Leisure's bowers
(Where we'd, indeed, be bored!)
We curse outrageous Fortune's slings
And arrows in vain vaporings
That we must do without the things
That we cannot afford.

That we must do without that which
Possession of would make us rich,
Or place us snugly in Fame's niche,
Seems much to be deplored;
But though we live to sit with kings,
Or soar aloft on Riches' wings,
There always will be many things
That we cannot afford.

Ah! Ruthless Fate that wills our ways
Spurred on by Hope through dreary days
A flying beacon toward.
What pity Age no knowledge brings
That we're best off without the things
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HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND.



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SUNNY BROOK

THE
PURE FOOD
WHISKEY



"The Inspector Is Back Of Every Bottle"

In the life of even the best of us, there are days when "all the ginger seems to have been knocked out of us", and the world looks "mighty blue". At such a time you will find in **Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey**—a safe, satisfying, pleasant stimulant, which will almost instantly brace up your entire system, and put new life into body and brain. Its strongly developed medicinal properties makes the use of **Sunny Brook**, in moderation, highly beneficial and healthful.

The **Largest Distillers of Fine, Old Whiskey in the World** are back of **Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey**—besides, **Sunny Brook** is bottled under the **Green Government Stamp**, a positive assurance that it is **U. S. Government 100%**—and that it reaches you with its **natural purity and matchless quality** fully preserved.

SUNNY BROOK is now bottled with our own patented "Twister" stoppers. One twist uncorks or re-corks the bottle tight. No Need for Cork Screws.

LOOK FOR THE INSPECTOR ON THE LABEL!

A NEW USE FOR THE HAIRPIN.




SMALL BOY.—Could yer give me a 'airpin, lady? The wheel's off our moter!
—London Opinion.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

SHE SAW THE LIGHT.

"Henry, what is this underworld there is so much talk about?"
"The underworld is a general term that is applied to the class which is made up of people who trade on vice and live by criminal practices."
"Dear me, why is such a class permitted to exist?"
"Oh, it serves its purpose."
"In what way, I should like to know?"
"For one thing, if there were no such class I'm afraid I'd have to go out of the law business right away, and I don't know of anything else that I could make a living at."
"Well, of course, that being the case, I suppose we ought to look at it sensibly, but I almost wish you had studied to be a doctor."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*
"Now, my friends," said the candidate, making another effort to arouse enthusiasm in his hearers, "what do we need in order to carry this constituency by the biggest majority in its history?"
The response was immediate and enthusiastic.
"Another candidate!" yelled the audience.—*Toronto World.*

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THE OTHER KIND.

The captain of one of our ocean liners was showing a young lady friend of his over the ship during one of his eastern trips. As they passed through the steerage, he called his fair companion's attention to a big, husky Irish emigrant, who was putting away with knife, fork, and spoon a bountiful supply of corned beef and cabbage, combined with other articles of diet. The captain eyed him for a moment, then addressing the young lady said:
"Just look at the enormous amount of food that fellow is consuming."
"I suppose, captain," said the fair young girl, with a beaming smile, "he is what you call a stowaway."—*Lippincott's.*

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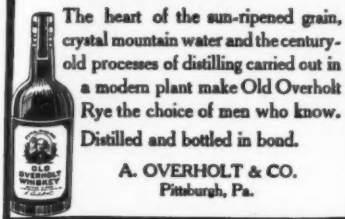
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MRS. BLACK woke her husband one night and whispered: "Larry, there's a burglar in the parlor. He just bumped against the piano and struck several keys."

"Is that so?" said Larry. "I'll go right down there."

"Oh, Larry," whispered the wife, "don't do anything rash!"

"Rash!" replied the husband. "Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can move that piano from the house without assistance, do you?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



HOUSEKEEPER.—Losh, me Laird, ye'll no have asket all thae folks to stop the nicht? There isna beds for the half o' them!

LAIRD.—Hoots, woman! Dinna fash yersel'. Gie them plenty whisky and they'll find beds for themself's.—*Punch*.

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A TIN peddler, says the *Argonaut*, rapped timidly at the kitchen door. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him. "Did yez wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The peddler backed off the steps. "Well, if I did," he assured her with an apologetic grin, "I got my wish, thank you."

"I SUPPOSE your new automobile made a big hit when you went out in it?" "Yes, it did. Most of them are hospital cases."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A KIND PROVIDENCE.

"Ah!" he said, thoughtfully, as he watched his line, "Providence knew what it was doing when it made fishes voiceless."

"How do you mean?" he was asked.

"Well, fishes lay millions of eggs every year. What if they cackled like hens over every egg they laid?"—*The Pathfinder*.

PREPARING IN TIME.

Louise had made loud and repeated calls for more turkey at the Christmas dinner. After she had disposed of a liberal quantity she was told that too much turkey would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the fowl for a moment she said:

"Well, give me anuzzer piece an' send for the doctor."—*Exchange*.

"NO MAN can serve two masters," observed the parson who was visiting the penitentiary.

"I know it," replied Convict 1313. "I'm in here for bigamy."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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Paris is invaded by fleas—the eighth plague of Egypt. Everywhere one sees worthy persons scratching, scratching, discreetly but earnestly, and our chaste Parisiennes endure in silence the most cruel torments. Virginia, would she not die rather than be immodest? At the National Library the pest is perhaps worse than elsewhere. A reader complained the other day to an attendant. The latter did not admit that the establishment to which he had the honor to belong should be the object of such an accusation.

"No, monsieur," he responded with dignity, "there are no more fleas in our reading-room than usual."

"But," said the complainer, "there are fewer readers this vacation season, and the fleas are more numerous on a smaller number of victims."—*La Cri de Paris*.

A CERTAIN landlord called at a house for his rent. A little boy answered the door and told him his mother would pay him if he called on Saturday morning.

"Why can't she pay before then?" asked the landlord.

"Because we are leaving on Friday night," replied the boy.—*London Opinion*.

SHE.—Mr. Slick always manages to say the right thing at the right time.

HE.—Yes; he is one of the most accomplished liars that I know of.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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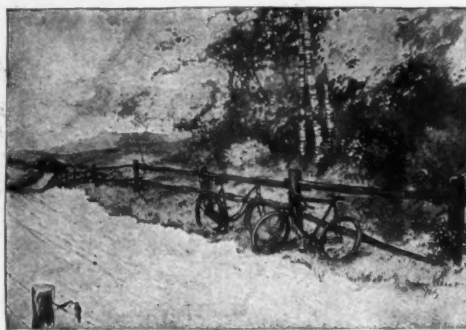
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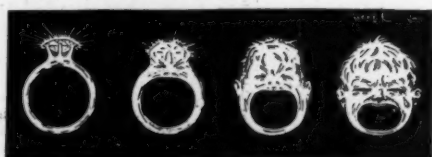
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WOMAN.—Ye remember wrong, then. 'E got orf wiv ten years!—Punch.

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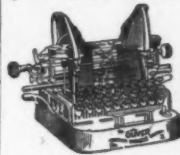
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OFFICE-SEEKER.—Is there anything else in the job you speak of besides the salary?

POLITICAL BOSS.—There's a little work on the side.

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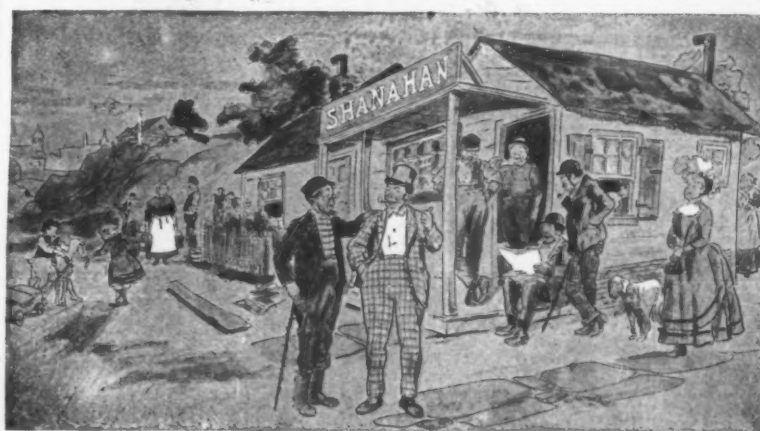
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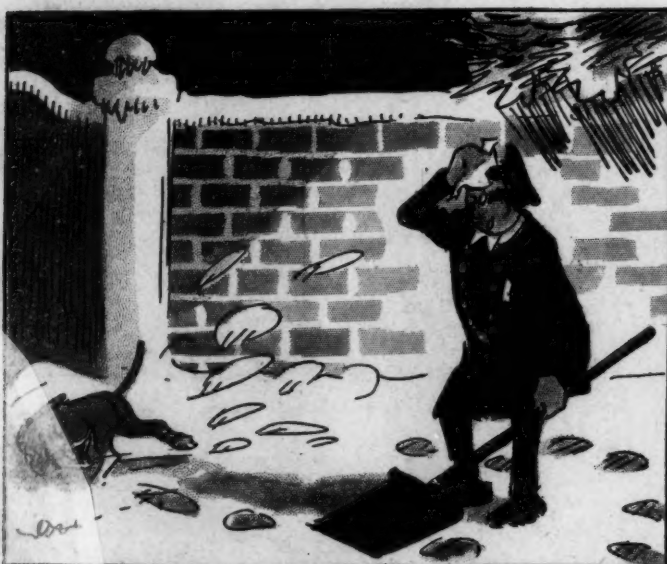
II.
"Maybe some poor waif 's in there. I'll git a shovel an' dig her out."



III.
"I hope she ain't froze t' death or anythin'!"



IV.
"It's terrible hard work, but anythin' t' help them what's in distress."



V.
"Even me brave little pal gits busy! We must be close to her."



VI.
"Of all th' nerve!!! Only a bone!"

